This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 861,575

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS
1817
LIBRARIES

WHEN MALINDY SINGS

WHEN MALINDY SINGS

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE CAMERA CLUB

DECORATIONS BY MARGARET ARMSTRONG

DODD MEAD AND CO.
NEW YORK *MCMIII*

828
D899wh
1903

Copyright, 1896, 1903
BY DODD MEAD AND COMPANY

UNIVERSITY PRESS · JOHN WILSON
AND SON · CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.

CONTENTS

	Page
WHEN MALINDY SINGS	9
DRIZZLE	15
TWO LITTLE BOOTS	21
THE LOOKING-GLASS	27
THE COLORED BAND	31
THE MEMORY OF MARTHA	39
SPRING FEVER	45
THE TRYST	51
ITCHING HEELS	59
THE BOOGAH MAN	65
A PLANTATION PORTRAIT	71
"HOWDY, HONEY, HOWDY!"	77
NODDIN' BY DE FIRE	83
A WARM DAY IN WINTER	89
THE VISITOR	97
MY SWEET BROWN GAL	105
IN THE MORNING	113
TO THE EASTERN SHORE	121
WADIN' IN DE CREEK	129
'LONG TO'DS NIGHT	137

WHEN MALINDY SINGS

G'WAY an' quit dat noise, Miss Lucy—
Put dat music book away;
What 's de use to keep on tryin'?
Ef you practise twell you 're gray,
You cain't sta't no notes a-flyin'
Lak de ones dat rants and rings
F'om de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings.

You ain't got de nachel o'gans
Fu' to make de soun' come right,
You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
Fu' to make it sweet an' light.
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
An' I'm tellin' you fu' true,
When hit comes to raal right singin',
'T ain't no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah,
Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
When dey ain't no one kin sence it,
An' de chune comes in, in spots;
But fu' real melojous music,
Dat jes' strikes yo' hea't and clings,
Jes' you stan' an' listen wif me
When Malindy sings.

Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy?
Blessed soul, tek up de cross!
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey?
Well, you don't know whut you los'.
Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings.

Fiddlin' man jes' stop his fiddlin',
Lay his fiddle on de she'f;
Mockin'-bird quit tryin' to whistle,
'Cause he jes' so shamed hisse'f.
Folks a-playin' on de banjo
Draps dey fingahs on de strings—
Bless yo' soul—fu'gits to move 'em,
When Malindy sings.

She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollahs,
"Come to Jesus," twell you hyeah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices,
Timid-lak a-drawin' neah;
Den she tu'ns to "Rock of Ages,"
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin' yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings.

Who dat says dat humble praises
  Wif de Master nevah counts?
Heish yo' mouf, I hyeah dat music,
  Ez hit rises up an' mounts —
Floatin' by de hills an' valleys,
  Way above dis buryin' sod,
Ez hit makes its way in glory
  To de very gates of God!

Oh, hit 's sweetah dan de music
  Of an edicated band;
An' hit 's dearah dan de battle's
  Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
  When de solemn chu'ch bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
  While Malindy sings.

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin', hyeah me!
  Mandy, mek dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
  F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
  Th'oo de bresh of angel's wings,
Sof' an' sweet, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,"
  Ez Malindy sings.

DRIZZLE

HIT 'S been drizzlin' an' been sprinklin',
Kin' o' techy all day long.
I ain't wet enough fu' toddy,
I 's too damp to raise a song,
An' de case have set me t'inkin',
Dat dey 's folk des lak de rain,
Dat goes drizzlin' w'en dey 's talkin',
An' won't speak out flat an' plain.

Ain't you nevah set an' listened
At a body 'splain his min' ?
W'en de t'oughts dey keep on drappin'
Was n't big enough to fin' ?
Dem 's whut I call drizzlin' people,
Othahs call 'em mealy mouf,
But de fust name hits me bettah,
Case dey nevah tech a drouf.

Dey kin talk from hyeah to yandah,
An' f'om yandah hyeah ergain,
An' dey don' mek no mo' 'pression,
Den dis powd'ry kin' o' rain.
En yo' min' is dry ez cindahs,
Er a piece o' kindlin' wood,
'T ain't no use a-talkin' to 'em,
Fu' dey drizzle ain't no good.

Gimme folks dat speak out nachul,
Whut 'll say des whut dey mean,
Whut don't set dey wo'ds so skimpy
Dat you got to guess between.
I want talk des' lak de showahs
Whut kin wash de dust erway,
Not dat sprinklin' convusation,
Dat des drizzle all de day.

TWO LITTLE BOOTS

TWO little boots all rough an' wo',
Two little boots!
Laws, I's kissed 'em times befo',
Dese little boots!
Seems de toes a-peepin' thoo
Dis hyeah hole an' sayin' "Boo!"
Evah time dey looks at you —
Dese little boots.

Membah de time he put 'em on,
Dese little boots;
Riz an' called fu' 'em by dawn,
Dese little boots;
Den he tromped de livelong day,
Laffin' in his happy way,
Evaht'ing he had to say,
"My little boots!"

Kickin' de san' de whole day long,
Dem little boots;
Good de cobblah made 'em strong,
Dem little boots!
Rocks was fu' dat baby's use,
I'on had to stan' abuse
W'en you tu'ned dese champeens loose
Dese little boots!

Ust to make de ol' cat cry,
Dese little boots;
Den you walked it mighty high,
Proud little boots!
Ahms akimbo, stan'in' wide,
Eyes a-sayin' "Dis is pride!"
Den de manny-baby stride!
You little boots.

Somehow, you don' seem so gay,
Po' little boots,
Sence yo' ownah went erway,
Po' little boots!
Yo' bright tops don' look so red,
Dese brass tips is dull an' dead;
"Goo'-by," whut de baby said;
Deah little boots!

Ain't you kin' o' sad yo'se'f,
You little boots?
Dis is all his mammy's lef',
Two little boots.
Sence huh baby gone an' died,
Heav'n itse'f hit seem to hide
Des a little bit inside
Two little boots.

THE LOOKING-GLASS

DINAH stan' befo' de glass,
Lookin' moughty neat,
An' huh purty shadder sass
At huh haid an' feet.
While she sasshay 'roun' an' bow,
Smilin' den an' poutin' now,
An' de lookin'-glass, I 'low
Say: "Now, ain't she sweet?"

All she do, de glass it see,
Hit des see, no mo',
Seems to me, hit ought to be
Drappin' on de flo'.
She go w'en huh time git slack,
Kissin' han's an' smilin' back,
Lawsy, how my lips go smack,
Watchin' at de do'.

Wisht I was huh lookin'-glass,
W'en she kissed huh han';
Does you t'ink I'd let it pass,
Settin' on de stan'?
No; I'd des' fall down an' break,
Kin' o' glad 't uz fu' huh sake;
But de diffunce, dat whut make
Lookin'-glass an' man.

THE COLORED BAND

W'EN de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin' down de street,
Don't you people stan' daih starin'; lif' yo' feet!
Ain't dey playin'? Hip, hooray!
Stir yo' stumps an' cleah de way,
Fu' de music dat dey mekin' can't be beat.

Oh, de major man 's a-swingin' of his
stick,
An' de pickaninnies crowdin' roun' him
thick;
In his go'geous uniform,
He 's de lightnin' of de sto'm,
An' de little clouds erroun' look mighty
slick.

You kin hyeah a fine perfo'mance w'en
de white ban's serenade,
An' dey play dey high-toned music
mighty sweet,
But hit 's Sousa played in rag-time, an'
hit 's Rastus on Parade,
W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin'
down de street.

W'en de colo'ed ban' comes ma'chin' down de street
You kin hyeah de ladies all erroun' repeat:
"Ain't dey handsome? Ain't dey gran'?
Ain't dey splendid? Goodness, lan'!
W'y dey 's pu'fect f'om dey fo'heads to dey feet!"
An' sich steppin' to de music down de line,
'T ain't de music by itself dat meks it fine,
Hit 's de walkin', step by step,
An' de keepin' time wid "Hep,"
Dat it mek a common ditty soun' divine.

Oh, de white ban' play hits music, an'
hit 's mighty good to hyeah,
An' it sometimes leaves a ticklin' in yo'
feet;
But de hea't goes into bus'ness fu' to
he'p erlong de eah,
W'en de colo'ed ban' goes marchin'
down de street.

THE MEMORY OF MARTHA

OUT in de night a sad bird moans,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely;
Times I kin sing, but mos' I groans,
Fu' oh, but hit 's moughty lonely!
Is you sleepin' well dis evenin', Marfy,
deah?
W'en I calls you f'om de cabin, kin you
hyeah?
'T ain't de same ol' place to me,
Nuffin' 's lak hit used to be,
W'en I knowed dat you was allus some'ers
near.

Down by de road de shadders grows,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely;
Seem lak de ve'y moonlight knows,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely!
Does you know, I 's cryin' fu' you, oh,
my wife?
Does you know dey ain't no joy no mo'
in life?
An' my only t'ought is dis,
Dat I 's honin' fu' de bliss
Fu' to quit dis groun' o' worriment an'
strife.

Dah on de baid my banjo lays,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely;
Can't even sta't a chune o' praise,
An', oh, but hit 's moughty lonely!
Oh, hit 's moughty slow a-waitin' hyeah below.
Is you watchin' fu' me, Marfy, at de do'?
Ef you is, in spite o' sin,
Dey 'll be sho' to let me in,
W'en dey sees yo' face a-shinin', den dey 'll know.

SPRING FEVER

GRASS commence a-comin'
Thoo de thawin' groun',
Evah bird dat whistles
Keepin' noise erroun';
Cain't sleep in de mo'nin',
Case befo' it 's light
Bluebird an' de robin
Done begun to fight.

Bluebird sass de robin,
Robin sass him back,
Den de bluebird scol' him
'Twell his face is black.
Would n' min' de quoilin'
All de mo'nin' long,
'Cept it wakes me early,
Case hit 's done in song.

Anybody wo'kin'
  Wants to sleep ez late
Ez de folks 'll 'low him,
  An' I wish to state
(Co'se dis ain't to scattah,
  But 'twix' me an' you),
I could stan' de bedclothes,
  Kin' o' latah, too.

'T ain't my natchul feelin',
  Dis hyeah mopin' spell.
I stan's early risin'
  Mos'ly moughty well;
But de ve'y minute,
  I feel Ap'il's heat,
Bless yo' soul, de bedclothes
  Nevah seemed so sweet.

Mastah, he 's a-scol'in',
Case de han's is slow,
All de hosses balkin',
Jes' cain't mek 'em go.
Don' know whut 's de mattah,
Hit 's a funny t'ing,
I ess'n hit 's de fevah
Dat you gits in spring.

THE TRYST

DE night creep down erlong de lan',
De shadders rise an' shake,
De frog is sta'tin' up his ban',
De cricket is awake;
My wo'k is mos' nigh done, Celes',
To-night I won't be late,
I's hu'yin' thoo my level bes',
Wait fu' me by de gate.

De mockin'-bird 'll sen' his glee
A-thrillin' thoo and thoo,
I know dat ol' magnolia-tree
Is smellin' des' fu' you;
De jessamine erside de road
Is bloomin' rich an' white,
My hea't 's a-th'obbin' 'cause it knowed
You 'd wait fu' me to-night.

Hit 's lonesome, ain't it, stan'in' thaih
Wid no one nigh to talk?
But ain't dey whispahs in de aih
Erlong de gyahden walk?
Don't somep'n kin' o' call my name,
An' say "he love you bes'"?
Hit 's true, I wants to say de same,
So wait fu' me, Celes'.

Sing somep'n fu' to pass de time,
Outsing de mockin'-bird,
You got de music an' de rhyme,
You beat him wid de word.
I 's comin' now, my wo'k is done,
De hour has come fu' res',
I wants to fly, but only run —
Wait fu' me, deah Celes'.

ITCHING HEELS

FU' de peace o' my eachin' heels, set down;
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo'.
Don' you see how dat melody stuhs me up
An' baigs me to tek to de flo'?
You knows I's a Christian, good an' strong;
I wusship f'om June to June;
My pra'ahs dey ah loud an' my hymns ah long:
I baig you don' fiddle dat chune.

I's a crick in my back an' a misery hyeah
Whaih de j'ints 's gittin' ol' an' stiff,
But hit seems lak you brings me de bref o'
my youf;
W'y, I 's suttain I noticed a w'iff.
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo', my chile,
Don' fiddle dat chune no mo';
I'll git up an' taih up dis groun' fu' a mile,
An' den I'll be chu'ched fu' it, sho'.

Oh, fiddle dat chune some mo', I say,
An' fiddle it loud an' fas':
I's a youngstah ergin in de mi'st o' my sin;
De p'esent 's gone back to de pas'.
I'll dance to dat chune, so des fiddle erway;
I knows how de backslidah feels;
So fiddle it on 'twell de break o' de day
Fu' de sake o' my eachin' heels.

THE BOOGAH MAN

WEN de evenin' shadders
Come a-glidin' down,
Fallin' black an' heavy
Ovah hill an' town,
Ef you listen keerful,
Keerful ez you kin,
So 's you boun' to notice
Des a drappin' pin;
Den you 'll hyeah a funny
Soun' ercross de lan';
Lay low; dat 's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hyeah him ez he go erlong de way;
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Don' you wish de night 'ud tu'n to day?
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hide yo' little peepers 'hind yo' han';
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Callin' of de Boogah Man.

W'en de win 's a-shiverin'
Thoo de gloomy lane,
An' dey comes de patterin'
Of de evenin' rain,
W'en de owl 's a-hootin',
Out daih in de wood,
Don' you wish, my honey,
Dat you had been good?
'T ain't no use to try to
Snuggle up to Dan;
Bless you, dat 's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Ef you loves yo' mammy,
An' you min's yo' pap,
Ef you nevah wriggles
Outen Sukey's lap;
Ef you says yo' "Lay me"
Evah single night
'Fo' dey tucks de kivers
An' puts out de light,
Den de rain kin pattah,
Win' blow lak a fan,
But you need n' bothah
'Bout de Boogah Man!

A PLANTATION PORTRAIT

HAIN'T you see my Mandy Lou,
Is it true?
Whaih you been f'om day to day,
Whaih, I say?
Dat you say you nevah seen
Dis hyeah queen
Walkin' roun' f'om fiel' to street
Smilin' sweet?

Slendah ez a saplin' tree;
Seems to me
W'en de win' blow f'om de bay
She jes' sway
Lak de reg'lar saplin' do
Ef hit 's grew
Straight an' graceful, 'dout a limb,
Sweet an' slim.

Browner den de frush's wing,
An' she sing
Lak he mek his wa'ble ring
In de spring;
But she sholy beat de frush,
Hyeah me, hush:
W'en she sing, huh teef kin show
White ez snow.

Eyes ez big an' roun' an' bright
Ez de light
Whut de moon gives in de prime
Harvest time.
An' huh haih a woolly skein,
Black an' plain,
Hol's you wid a natchul twis'
Close to bliss.

Tendah han's dat mek yo' own
Feel lak stone;
Easy steppin', blessid feet,
Small an' sweet.
Hain't you seen my Mandy Lou,
Is it true?
Look at huh befo' she 's gone,
Den pass on!

"HOWDY, HONEY, HOWDY!"

D'O' a-stan'in' on a jar, fiah a-shinin' thoo,
Ol' folks drowsin' 'roun' de place, wide awake is Lou,
W'en I tap, she answeh, an' I see huh 'mence to grin,
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"

Den I step erpon de log layin' at de do',
Bless de Lawd, huh mammy an' huh pap's done 'menced to sno',
Now's de time, ef evah, ef I's gwine to try an' win,
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"

No use playin' on de aidge, trimblin' on de brink,
W'en a body love a gal, tell huh whut he t'ink;
W'en huh hea't is open fu' de love you gwine to gin,
Pull yo'se'f togethah, suh, an' step right in.

Sweetes' imbitation dat a body evah
hyeahed,
Sweetah den de music of a love-sick
mockin'-bird,
Comin' f'om de gal you loves bettah den
yo' kin,
"Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step
right in?"

At de gate o' heaven w'en de storm o' life is pas',
'Spec' I'll be a-stan'in', 'twell de Mastah say at las',
"Hyeah he stan' all weary, but he winned his fight wid sin.
Howdy, honey, howdy, won't you step right in?"

NODDIN' BY DE FIRE

SOME folks t'inks hit 's right an' p'opah,
Soon ez bedtime come erroun',
Fu' to scramble to de kiver,
Lak dey 'd hyeahed de trumpet soun'.
But dese people dey all misses
Whut I mos'ly does desiah;
Dat 's de settin' roun' an' dozin',
An' a-noddin' by de fiah.

When you 's tiahed out a-hoein',
Er a-followin' de plough,
Whut 's de use of des a-fallin'
On yo' pallet lak a cow?
W'y, de fun is all in waitin'
In de face of all de tiah,
An' a-dozin' and a-drowsin'
By a good ol' hick'ry fiah.

Oh, you grunts an' groans an' mumbles
Case yo' bones is full o' col',
Dough you feels de joy a-tricklin'
Roun' de co'nahs of yo' soul.
An' you 'low anothah minute
'S sho to git you wa'm an' dryah,
W'en you set up pas' yo' bedtime,
Case you hates to leave de fiah.

Whut 's de use o' downright sleepin' ?
You can't feel it while it las',
An' you git up feelin' sorry
W'en de time fu' it is pas'.
Seem to me dat time too precious,
An' de houahs too short entiah,
Fu' to sleep, w'en you could spen' 'em
Des a-noddin' by de fiah.

A WARM DAY IN WINTER

"SUNSHINE on de medders,
Greenness on de way;
Dat 's de blessed reason
I sing all de day."
Look hyeah! Whut you axin'?
Whut meks me so merry?
'Spect to see me sighin'
W'en hit 's wa'm in Febawary?

'Long de stake an' rider
Seen a robin set;
W'y, hit 'mence a-thawin',
Groun' is monst'ous wet.
Den you stan' dah wond'rin',
Lookin' skeert an' stary;
I's a right to caper
W'en hit 's wa'm in Febawary.

Missis gone a-drivin',
Mastah gone to shoot;
Ev'ry da'ky lazin'
In de sun to boot.
Qua'tah 's moughty pleasant,
Hangin' 'roun' my Mary;
Cou'tin' boun' to prospah
W'en hit 's wa'm in Febawary.

Cidah look so pu'ty
Po'in' f'om de jug —
Don' you see it 's happy?
Hyeah it laffin'— glug?
Now 's de time fu' people
Fu' to try an' bury
All dey grief an' sorrer,
W'en hit 's wa'm in Febawary.

THE VISITOR

LITTLE lady at de do',
W'y you stan' dey knockin'?
Nevah seen you ac' befo'
In er way so shockin'.
Don' you know de sin it is
Fu' to git my temper riz
W'en I's got de rheumatiz
An' my jints is lockin'?

No, ol' Miss ain't sont you down,
Don' you tell no story;
I been seed you hangin' 'roun'
Dis hyeah te'itory.
You des come fu' me to tell
You a tale, an' I ain' — well —
Look hyeah, what is dat I smell?
Steamin' victuals? Glory!

Come in, Missy, how you do?
Come up by de fiah,
I was jokin', chile, wid you;
Bring dat basket nighah.
Huh uh, ain' dat lak ol' Miss,
Sen'in' me a feas' lak dis?
Rheumatiz cain't stop my bliss,
Case I's feelin' spryah.

Chicken meat an' gravy, too,
Hot an' still a-heatin';
Good ol' sweet pertater stew;
Missy b'lieves in treatin'.
Des set down, you blessed chile,
Daddy got to t'ink a while,
Den a story mek you smile
W'en he git thoo eatin'.

MY SWEET BROWN GAL

W'EN de clouds is hangin' heavy in de sky,
An' de win's 's a-taihin' moughty vig'rous by,
I don' go a-sighin' all erlong de way;
I des' wo'k a-waitin' fu' de close o' day.

Case I knows w'en evenin' draps huh shadders down,
I won' care a smidgeon fu' de weathah's frown;
Let de rain go splashin', let de thundah raih,
Dey 's a happy sheltah, an' I 's goin' daih.

Down in my ol' cabin wa'm ez
mammy's toas',
'Taters in de fiah layin' daih to
roas';
No one daih to cross me, got no
talkin' pal
But I 's got de comp'ny o' my sweet
brown gal.

So I spen's my evenin' listenin' to
huh sing,
Lak a blessid angel; how huh voice
do ring!
Sweetah den a bluebird flutterin'
erroun',
W'en he sees de steamin' o' de new
ploughed groun'.

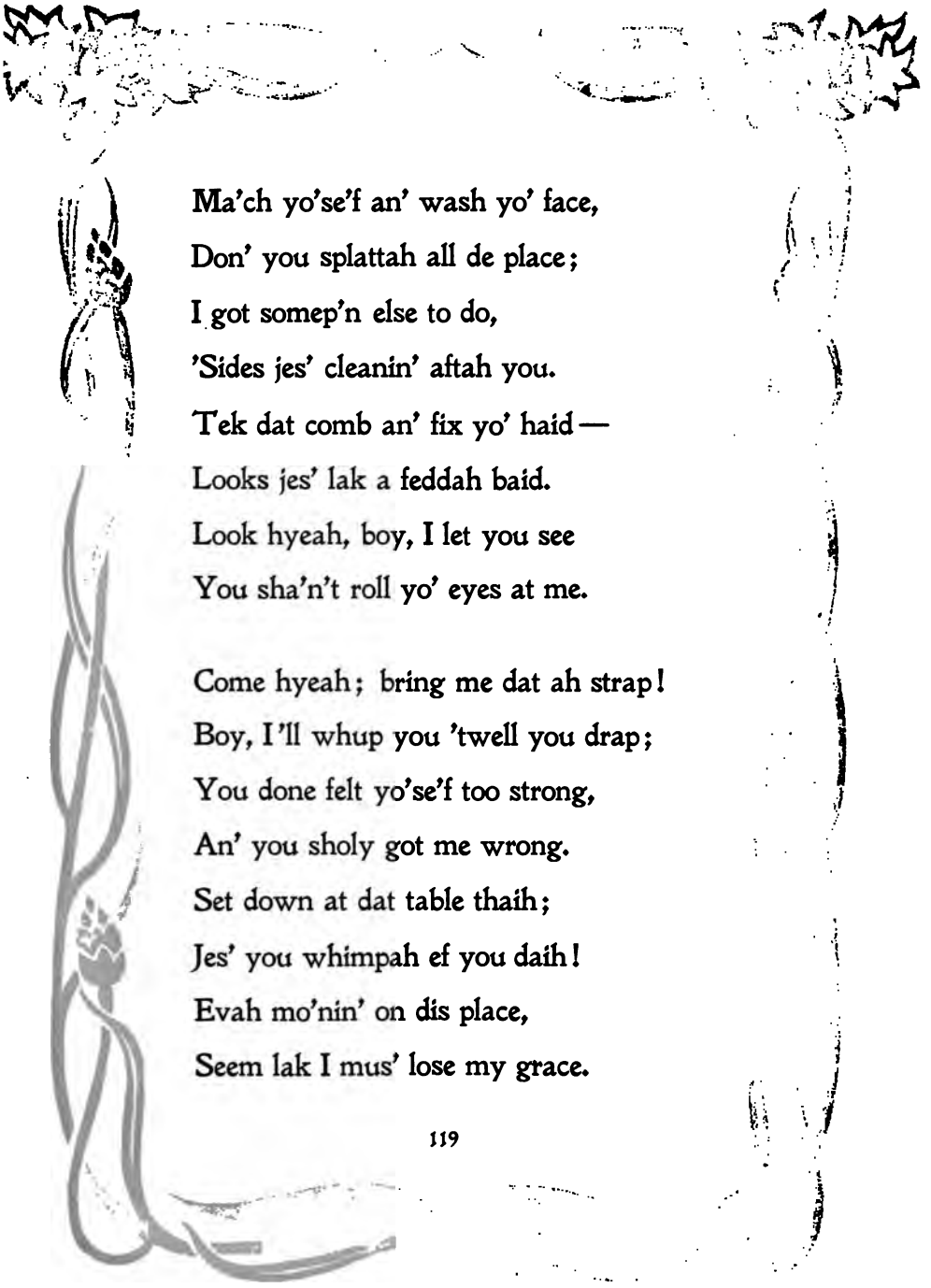
Den I hugs huh closah, closah to my
breas'.
Need n't sing, my da'lin', tek you'
hones' res'.
Does I mean Malindy, Mandy, Lize
er Sal?
No, I means my fiddle — dat 's my
sweet brown gal!

IN THE MORNING

'LIAS! 'Lias! Bless de Lawd!
Don' you know de day 's erbroad?
Ef you don' git up, you scamp,
Dey 'll be trouble in dis camp.
T'ink I gwine to let you sleep
W'ile I meks yo' boa'd an' keep?
Dat 's a putty howdy-do —
Don' you hyeah me, 'Lias — you?

Bet ef I come crost dis flo'
You won' fin' no time to sno'.
Daylight all a-shinin' in
W'ile you sleep — w'y hit 's a sin!
Ain't de can'le-light enough
To bu'n out widout a snuff,
But you go de mo'nin' thoo
Bu'nin' up de daylight too?

'Lias, don' you hyeah me call?
No use tu'nin' to'ds de wall;
I kin hyeah dat mattuss squeak;
Don' you hyeah me w'en I speak?
Dis hyeah clock done struck off six—
Ca'line, bring me dem ah sticks!
Oh, you down, suh; huh! you down—
Look hyeah, don' you daih to frown.



Ma'ch yo'se'f an' wash yo' face,
Don' you splattah all de place;
I got somep'n else to do,
'Sides jes' cleanin' aftah you.
Tek dat comb an' fix yo' haid—
Looks jes' lak a feddah baid.
Look hyeah, boy, I let you see
You sha'n't roll yo' eyes at me.

Come hyeah; bring me dat ah strap!
Boy, I'll whup you 'twell you drap;
You done felt yo'se'f too strong,
An' you sholy got me wrong.
Set down at dat table thaih;
Jes' you whimpah ef you daih!
Evah mo'nin' on dis place,
Seem lak I mus' lose my grace.

Fol' yo' han's an' bow yo' haid —
Wait ontwell de blessin' 's said;
"Lawd, have mussy on ouah souls —"
(Don' you daih to tech dem rolls —)
"Bless de food we gwine to eat —"
(You set still — I *see* yo' feet;
You jes' try dat trick agin!)
"Gin us peace an' joy. Amen!"

TO THE EASTERN SHORE

I'S feelin' kin' o' lonesome in my little
room to-night,
An' my min's done los' de minutes an'
de miles,
W'ile it teks me back a-flyin' to de
country of delight,
Whaih de Chesapeake goes grumblin'
er wid smiles.
Oh, de ol' plantation 's callin' to me,
Come, come back,
Hyeah 's de place fu' you to labouh an'
to res',
Fu' my sandy roads is gleamin' w'ile
de city ways is black;
Come back, honey, case yo' country
home is bes'.

I know de moon is shinin' down erpon
de Eastern sho',
An' de bay 's a-sayin' "Howdy" to de
lan';
An' de folks is all a-settin' out erroun' de
cabin do',
Wid dey feet a-restin' in de silvah
san';
An' de ol' plantation 's callin' to me,
Come, oh, come,
F'om de life dat 's des' a-waihin' you
erway,
F'om de trouble an' de bustle, an' de
agernizin' hum
Dat de city keeps ergoin' all de day.

I 's tiahed of de city, tek me back to Sandy Side,
Whaih de po'est ones kin live an' play an' eat;
Whaih we draws a simple livin' f'om de fo'est an' de tide,
An' de days ah faih, an' evah night is sweet.

Fu' de ol' plantation 's callin' to me,
Come, oh, come.
An' de Chesapeake 's a-sayin' "Dat 's
de t'ing,"
W'ile my little cabin beckons, dough
his mouf is closed an' dumb,
I 's a-comin', an' my hea't begins to sing.

WADIN' IN DE CREEK

DAYS git wa'm an' wa'mah,
School gits mighty dull,
Seems lak dese hyeah teachahs
Mus' feel mussiful.
Hookey 's wrong, I know it
Ain't no gent'man's trick;
But de aihs a-callin',
"Come on to de crick."

Dah de watah 's gu'glin'
Ovah shiny stones,
Des hit's ve'y singin'
Seems to soothe yo' bones.
W'at 's de use o' waitin',
Go on good an' quick:
Dain't no fun lak dis hyeah
Wadin' in de crick.

W'at dat jay-bu'd sayin'?
Bettah shet yo' haid,
Fus' t'ing dat you fin' out,
You 'll be layin' daid.
Jay-bu'd 's sich a tattlah,
Des seem lak his trick
Fu' to tell on folkses
Wadin' in de crick.

Willer boughs a-bendin',
Hidin' of de sky,
Wavin' kin' o' frien'ly
Ez de win' go by,
Elum trees a-shinin',
Dahk an' green an' thick,
Seem to say, "I see yo'
Wadin' in de crick."

But de trees don' chattah,
Dey des look an' sigh
Lak hit 's kin' o' peaceful
Des a-bein' nigh,
An' you t'ank yo' Mastah
Dat dey trunks is thick
W'en yo' mammy fin's yo'
Wadin' in de crick.

Den yo' run behin' dem
Lak yo' scaihed to def,
Mammy come a-flyin',
Mos' nigh out o' bref;
But she set down gentle
An' she drap huh stick, —
An' fus' t'ing, dey 's mammy
Wadin' in de crick.

'LONG TO'DS NIGHT

DAIH 'S a moughty soothin' feelin'
Hits a dahky man,
'Long to'ds night.
W'en de row is mos' nigh ended,
Den he stops to fan,
'Long to'ds night.
De blue smoke f'om his cabin is a-callin'
to him, "Come;"
He smell de bacon cookin', an' he hyeah
de fiah hum;
An' he 'mence to sing, 'dough wo'kin'
putty nigh done made him dumb,
'Long to'ds night.

Wid his hoe erpon his shouldah
Den he goes erlong,
'Long to'ds night.
An' he keepin' time a-steppin'
Wid a little song,
'Long to'ds night.

De restin'-time 's a-comin', an' de time
to drink an' eat;
A baby 's toddlin' to'ds him on hits
little dusty feet,
An' a-goin' to'ds his cabin, an' his
suppah 's moughty sweet,
'Long to'ds night.